

# *Sketch*

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*Article 2*

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## Images

Assorted .\*

\*Iowa State College

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# Images

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## **Abstract**

The rain was plopping down in curious little pats, almost nondescript they were so weak, but she was walking, head down, back bent, as though she had been forced out into a howling storm...

## IMAGES 2-5.

The rain was plopping down in curious little pats, almost nondescript they were so weak, but she was walking, head down, back bent, as though she had been forced out into a howling storm. Her face was down, so she couldn't see the bursting leaf-buds silhouetted against the warm grey sky; she couldn't smell the warm aristocratic breath of freshness that the rain freed from the soil; she couldn't notice how the grass was straining into vital greenness. . . .

*Jean Larson*

\* \* \* \*

The deacons surveyed the communion tray as if trying to locate the choicest piece of candy. They took the broken bread in their white hands and ate it slyly, as if they were doing someone a favor. Only Mr. Warner closed his eyes and thought of the body of Christ.

*Mary Dodds*

\* \* \* \*

He shook the rice from his garrison cap and opened the door of the Ford for Carol. He turned to the relatives surrounding him, and received the congratulations smilingly, matter-of-factly. His mother, her wet handkerchief clutched in one hand, fingered his new wings with the other as she gave hurried instructions. Carol gazed absently, resignedly, at the group from the car. Even her orchid, her white lace hat, and the new gold ring did not include her in the gathering.

*Jean Larson*

\* \* \* \*

I sat down on the bus, half turned in my seat, my feet in the narrow aisle, and began talking to Pat and Marge. The old lady across the aisle reached down with her warm, gloved hand and rubbed my leg. A friendly smile trickled across her face. "I feel so sorry for them when their legs are bare," she said.

*Mary Krumboltz*